

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE opened for the season on Tuesday evening, with Donizetti's much-talked-of *Torquato Tasso*. Our opinion of Donizetti is in no degree altered by this new specimen of his power. His music is just as pretty and as meaningless as ever. No one knows better than he the taste of the people for whose amusement he writes; he has an abundance of sprightly fancies at his fingers' ends—he is thoroughly master of modern orchestral trickery, and is as thoroughly familiar with the *mechanism* of broad and startling effects. One insurmountable barrier, however, stands between him and the art of great dramatic composition—he is absolutely without *heart*. The garb of serious thought which, for a moment, he sometimes assumes—the affectation of melancholy occasionally thrust on him by the feeling of his subject, is evidently at war with his nature, and escaping from its trammels delightedly, like an urchin from his task, he quickly dons his native character—a kind of vocal Strauss—an incarnate assemblage of waltzes, galops, drums, trombones—and fustian. The dramatist of *Torquato Tasso* has certainly but tamely performed his office; he has taken but little from the broadly-chequered life of the Italian poet. From a history as full of romantic incident as, perhaps, any record of actual existence, *Tasso's* ill-starred passion for the *Duchess of Ferrara*, his imprisonment by her brother, and his triumphant liberation, are alone included in the action of the drama; but even these materials, few and meagre though they be, have proved an over-match for Donizetti's power of conception. His dominant vice—an utter insensibility to the object of dramatic music, or its power of expression—shows itself over the

VOL. XIII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.

L

entire surface of the opera. Once or twice, only, we could detect an inclination to assimilate his mind with the situations of his drama:—thus, many portions of the scene between *Tasso* and the *Duchess* are vigorously and earnestly wrought; and the orchestral introduction to the third act is imbued with an almost poetic spirit of melancholy, although its effect rests rather on the peculiarity of its instrumentation than on any abstract quality of the music. In noticing examples of a contrary tendency, we could scarcely mis-quote from any scene in the opera. As a great instance, we cannot forego reference to the *finale* of the second act, the last movement of which—in the midst of rage, love, despair, execrations and faintings innumerable—will tempt Musard to the perpetration of one of his sprightliest quadrilles, or we grievously miscalculate: and as less obvious cases, may be mentioned the prefigurement of one of *Tasso's* moonlight reveries by the uproarious blustering of trombones; the second movement of the song, “Io l'udia,” in which the *Duchess* declares her willingness to purchase *Tasso* at the price of all kinds of torment and deprivations, throne and diadem included,—the air, meanwhile, being of the most inveterately martial description; and the closing *scena* of the opera, in which—the blame resting equally betwixt the poet and the composer—*Tasso* forgets, in one instant, his long incarceration and its cause, his love and the death of his mistress, and most exultingly anticipates his Roman triumph and his laurel crown. To all such objections Donizetti may plead that his patron, the public, would not tolerate music which should truthfully depict the situations of a serious drama: it may be so; but we nevertheless think it advisable, rather than trample down the first principles of art, to abandon the composition of tragic opera altogether, or, at least, postpone it until general taste be cultivated to the mark of its just appreciation.

A Mdlle. De Varny, from Paris, made a *débüt* in the character of *Eleonora*. Her voice is of extensive compass with the ordinary French quality—thin and not extremely agreeable, and her singing betokens good, but not completed, discipline. Neither her execution nor style is thoroughly polished, and we could discover no marked trait of genuine musical feeling. For a time, but *only* for a time, can she rank as *prima donna* of our Italian theatre. Signor Coletti, who sustained the character of *Tasso*, is a singer of first-rate merit. The quality of his voice, though of much greater power, strongly resembles that of Tamburini, and his singing throughout the opera displayed intensity, pathos, enthusiasm, and, withal, perfection of taste as to ornament in a degree which we rarely hear from singers of the modern Trans-alpine school. He was rapturously and deservedly applauded, and called on the stage after the fall of the curtain. A tenor-singer, also a stranger—Signor Ricciardi—proved a very agreeable and efficient representative of *Roberto Geraldini*.

The theatre was extremely full, scarcely a seat appearing unoccupied.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE THEATRES.

On Wednesday night, the 25th ult., Barnett's fine opera of the *Mountain Sylph*, and Kenny's ancient and facetious farce of *Raising the Wind*, were performed at Drury-lane Theatre by command of her Majesty, who went thither in state with H.R.H. Prince Albert. The royal suite filled nine carriages, and was escorted by a large party of the household troops.

The manager Mr. Hammond, with Lord Glengall and several members of the Committee, received her Majesty and Prince Albert at the royal entrance, and preceded the royal party with wax-lights to the royal box. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were received with the most enthusiastic cheering, which the royal pair acknowledged by bowing graciously and repeatedly; after which, "God save the Queen" was sung on the stage by the principal singers and full chorus. The following two verses, of the most approved doggerel, were added, we suppose, by way of compliment on the happy occasion.

"Welcome to Albion's isle,
Prince, whom Victoria's smile
Lit o'er the wave!
Writ in the scroll of Fame,
Albert, long shall thy name,
Kindred, and country claim
With England's brave!

"Oh, Lord! her consort bless,
Grant him in happiness
With her to reign;
In virtues great and strong
May Albert's name be long
The theme of Britain's song—
God save the Queen!"

After the Anthem the opera was immediately commenced, and apparently afforded the most entire satisfaction to the royal visitors. After the opera "Rule Britannia" was called for, which was executed very feebly. *Raising the Wind* followed; the broad humour and irresistibly ludicrous situations in which farce being represented with true comic humour and untiring vivacity, created reiterated bursts of laughter from all the royal party, who quitted the theatre about a quarter-past eleven—the entire and close-packed audience joining in prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

On the Friday following, the royal party visited in the same state Covent-garden Theatre, her Majesty having, with admirable taste, selected for representation Sheridan Knowles's exquisite play of *Love*.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were received by Mr. C. Mathews and Mr. Bartley, who attended them to their box, the front of which they immediately approached, and were received with the deafening plaudits of a densely-crowded house. At the rise of the curtain, "God save the Queen" was sung with prodigious effect by the whole company, the talented lessee herself, with admirable good taste, singing the additional complimentary stanza in honour of Prince Albert, and which stands in fine contrast to the trumpery additional verses we have just quoted as being sung at Drury-lane,

"Oh, Lord! Thy blessings shed
On royal Albert's head!
God save the Prince!
Hear, Lord! a nation's voice!
Long in their sovereign's choice
May England's sons rejoice!
God save the Prince!

Her Majesty appeared to be deeply interested throughout the play. She con-

inally addressed the prince, and seemed greatly solicitous that he should enjoy the performance as much as herself.

After the play, "Rule Britannia" was admirably sung by the whole company and vociferously encored. The burletta of *Patter versus Clatter* followed, and excited continued mirth among the royal party. The National Anthem was then again sung, on each occasion the effect being heightened to the audience by the blazing of that magnificent star of revolving brilliants which lights up the name of "VICTORIA" in the masque of the *Fortunate Isles*, and by the hovering over the assembled company of those "infantile angel spirits" who bear the armorial banners of her Majesty and Prince Albert.

HOW SWEETLY! HOW GENTLY! SOFT MUSIC NOW IS STEALING!

(Adapted to Weber's Last Waltz.)

How sweetly! how gently! soft music now is stealing!

How lightly the melody floats o'er my ear!

While waking to life again, springs ev'ry feeling,

With hopes that have slumber'd for many a year.

Oh, welcome melody, oft let me hear thy strain,

To thy dulcet numbers oft let me list again.

How sweetly! how gently! our fancy brings around us

The green fields we've rambled through in life's young day,

Our playmates light and all our early games surround us,

Once more we see their smiles, once more behold their play.

Oh, welcome memory! still bring me back again

To childhood's days and to my native plain.

R. R.

RECENT MUSICAL DRAMAS.

We know ourselves to be in arrear to our readers for accounts of several musical performances at the large theatres, and we now intend paying off the debt.

That successful caterer, and manufacturer of musical dramas, Mr. Planché, produced, at Covent Garden theatre, a grand allegorical and national masque, in honour of her Majesty's nuptials, accompanied by music, by Bishop, every piece of which, both original and selected, truth obliges us to say, was commonplace to a degree. This eminent composer should be more careful of the high reputation he has so justly acquired, than to sacrifice the creations of his genius to dramas so constructed that the hammerings of the carpenters divide the sound with the vocalists on the stage.

The scenic effects in this drama were of the most imposing description, and consisted of a series of *tableaux* illustrative of the most important events recorded in the History of England. It is entitled "*The Fortunate Isles; or, the Triumphs of Britannia*;" and, although intended only to answer an ephemeral occasion, its fidelity in point of costume, and its pictorial excellence, will keep it long upon the stage, which answers one of its best and noblest purposes, when it becomes the illustrator of history.

A piece of a similar nature, bearing the very descriptive title of *An Emblematical Tribute in Honour of her Majesty's Nuptials* was produced at Drury-lane with music by Mr. Macfarren, some of which was stagy, spirited, and effective. The drama itself was a heterogeneous mass of unconnected absurdities, and was equivocally received and speedily withdrawn.

At Drury-lane has also been produced an adaptation of Boieldieu's light and pleasing comic opera, *Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village*, called *My Lord is not my Lord*. From what we remember of the original, the translator seems to have performed his task very literal indeed. The music is throughout graceful and

agreeable, without pretending to a very high order of merit. It was well and correctly sung by Mrs. Alban Croft and Mr. H. Phillips, who sustained the principal characters; still the opera was not successful. Whether this is to be attributed to the flimsy nature of the texture—for nothing can be more simple than the plot—or to its being produced on a stage where not a single novelty seems destined to take deep root, we cannot conjecture. The adapter is said to be Mr. Rophino Lacy, and, if so, he certainly has not shown his usual skill in the lyrical portion: some of the versification being lamentably feeble and inharmonious.

By what "mighty magic" that nice, quiet, well-behaved, elderly gentleman, Mr. Jolly, who christens himself a composer of music, beguiled that fair lessee, Madame Vestris, into the performance of a very full and lengthy opera, bearing the true Whitechapel title of *Mabel, or the Gipsy's Vengeance*, we leave to wiser heads than our's to determine.

To attempt to sit down gravely and detail its merits and defects is wholly out of the question, as from the first line to the last it most fearlessly sets all criticism, musical or otherwise, at complete defiance. If our readers can imagine an unbroken series of scraps of most commonplace airs that have inundated the ears of her Majesty's lieges for the last half century, they can have an idea of the melodious banquet the audience were invited to partake of. The vocalists, every one, did their duty nobly, for they sang every note of it just as it stood. Miss Rainforth's part was long, wearisome, and difficult, but she bore up against it manfully, and both sung and acted spiritedly to the close. Mr. Harrison, by his remarkable distinctness of intonation and unaffected simplicity of style, gained an *encore* in a song, which was a most elaborate piece of nonsense concerning a flower that first of all grew on a mountain, and was subsequently transplanted to a fashionable drawing-room, and thus made

"A rich exotic in fashion's warmest glow,"

which the singer regretted in the true style of Minerva-press poetry.

The *libretto*, which is from the pen of a Mr. Reynoldson, who, some years back, acquired considerable celebrity at Covent-garden Theatre and in the provinces as a bass-singer, is certainly quite in harmony with the music, and they jingle along very comfortably together. The plot of the opera seemed to be constructed on the good old plan in vogue about fifty years ago. Whether the *Gipsy's Vengeance* is a French mutilation or not, the author is likely to be the best judge. We being very patriotic scribes, most sincerely hope, for the credit of our own country, that it is.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

[We most heartily concur in the remarks of our correspondent, and trust that something may be done ere long to remedy the evils so justly complained of.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As the Opera season is now about to commence, it is the proper time to call the attention of the authorities of that establishment to the numerous abuses and inconveniences which exist at present to the great detriment of the public, who extend to it such liberal patronage. The first and most crying evil is the present manner of admission to the pit. One hour before the doors open you may see hundreds of well-dressed and highly respectable persons, many of whom are ladies in evening dress, waiting at the door in the Haymarket, without any adequate protection from the weather, and, indeed, with barely room to stand, some being in the kennel. Now when you consider that every person so treated has paid the sum of eight shillings and sixpence for his evening's amusement, it must be obvious to you that John Bull, besides being gulled out of his money to the extent of one hundred per cent. more than would return the lessee a handsome profit, is actually treated by him with the greatest possible contempt and ingratitude. Surely Mr. Laporte must have been told that many respectable persons decline attending the Opera on account of this inconvenience; and if he has heard this, can he not see how

profitable to himself, beyond all doubt, would be the investment of a few pounds for the comfort of his patrons. Then, again, the positive insult of putting his own friends (such as we see bewhiskered on the front benches) into the pit, to the extent of half filling it, before the public generally are admitted! If such a thing were attempted at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, the house would be demolished by the justly angry *pittites*. I do cordially hope for some such demonstration at Her Majesty's Theatre, I am often driven up into the gallery for want of room below; and then if I get into the slips, I have an iron bar just level with my eyes, compelling me to stoop or sit like a grenadier guard. Do, Mr. Fuggini, or whatever your name may be, you stage-manager, do have that bar taken away. People will never be tempted to come to the Opera-House to commit suicide, as from the Monument; and what other use it can be I know not.

Madlle. De Varney was never at the "Academie Royale," as the puffy bills state, nor is M. Ricciardi what the manager would have us believe, but lately first tenor at the "Renaissance" at Paris.

I am, your obedient servant,

A PITTITE.

Since writing the above, I have noticed that the German company, whose arrival in this country will gladden the hearts of all lovers of music, are going to form all the pit of St. James's Theatre into stalls, and the boxes into private boxes. I suppose from this that we of the middling classes are to go to the gallery. If such be the case, I sincerely hope that the speculation will *ruin all concerned in it*. I know it is wrong to say so, but my indignation rises strongly at such exclusive preference given to fashionable noodles.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I am sorry to be obliged to upset all the ingenious speculations of Mr. Oliphant and others with regard to the date of "Non nobis Domine;" and as I consider my proof to be perfectly conclusive, I hope no more will be written on the subject. "Non nobis" was composed before the battle of Agincourt! *Vide* Shakespeare's play of Henry the Fifth at the end of the fourth act, where the King says—

"Do we all holy rites;

Let there be sung *non nobis*."

I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

SOLOMON SACKBUT.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

CITY QUARTETT CONCERTS.—The third concert of the series took place at the London Tavern last night, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

Quintetto—Op. 39, Two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Contra Basso	Onslow.
Aria—Ch'io perdessi la mia pace (Horn Obligato) Mr. Jarret	Sapienza.
Duet—Oh, my father!	Marschner.
Quartetto—Op. 44, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Quintetto, C minor, Op. 53, Pianoforte, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello ..	Spohr.
Aria—Qui sdegno	Mozart.
Sonata	Corelli.
Duet—Hasten, my Nannette	Travers.
Quartetto—No. 7, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Mozart.

The vocal music was accompanied by Mr. T. H. Severn, and the whole performance reflected the highest credit on all parties.

MESSRS. BLAGROVE, GATTIE, DANDO AND LUCAS gave their second quartett concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday evening last, when the following classical selection was performed:—

PART I.

Quartett in D Minor, from Op. 76, for Two Violins, Viola and Violoncello	Haydn.
Song—The Blind Man	Keller.
Quartett in F Major, from Op. 85, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Krommer.
Romanza—L'ombrosa Notte	Hummell.

PART II.

Trio in E Flat Major, for Pianoforte, Clarinet, and Viola	Mozart.
Duet—Shady Forests	Cherubini.
Canzonet—My mother bids me bind my hair	Haydn.
Quintett in E Flat Major, Op. 4 for Two Violins, Two Violas, and Violoncello ..	Beethoven.

The Duke of Cambridge was present, and appeared highly to enjoy the per-

formance, if we may judge from the enthusiasm frequently displayed by his Royal Highness during the evening; we, however, wish he would not be quite so *forte* in his admiration, especially during *piano* passages. Wilman and Dando played most exquisitely in Mozart's charming trio, and we could have wished that the time which elapsed after its performance, in consequence of the non-arrival of Miss Rainforth, who was engaged elsewhere, had been occupied in its repetition. The vocal pieces of the second part were performed after Beethoven's Quintett, and the audience, very good-naturedly, stayed to hear them; it is, however, too bad for young ladies to accept engagements which they cannot keep in a proper manner: this is a growing evil at concerts, and which, therefore, cannot be too severely condemned.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—As far as regards the attendance at the Ancient Concerts, this season promises to prove a most brilliant one; for on Wednesday evening next, being the first performance, Her Majesty and Prince Albert will be present; also the Queen Dowager, and, of course, a very numerous assemblage of rank and distinction. The Duke of Cambridge, director of the evening, has engaged Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Birch, Mrs. Fiddes (late H. Cawse), Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Harrison, Machin, and Phillips. Sir George Smart, the conductor, is preparing, in conjunction with the royal director, a selection of sterling compositions, several of which will be new to the subscribers, although they have stood the test of many years among connoisseurs of the old master's writings. The band will be led by Mr. F. Cramer.

THE MELODISTS.—The second meeting of the Melodists' Club was held on Thursday last, on which occasion several fine glees were well sung; also songs by Brizzi, Handel Gear, and Parry junior. Mr. Willman played fantasias on the clarinet and corno-bassetto, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. T. Cooke, in a masterly manner. Mr. J. B. Chatterton gave a most brilliant solo on the harp, which elicited the loudest applause; and Mr. G. Kialmark played Thalberg's Huguenots on the pianoforte exceedingly well.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.—This is a most interesting day to Welshmen, who assemble to dine together in honour of their tutelar saint, and to enjoy the national melodies of their country. On Monday upwards of 300 Cambrians met in the Freemason's Hall, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, supported by many noblemen and others connected with the Principality. After dinner, Grace was sung in the Welsh language, (adapted to a very ancient air harmonized) by Masters Coward and Stevens, Messrs. Bellamy, Collyer, Handel Gear, Fitzwilliam, Calkin, Richards, Parry, and Parry, jun., who sung also, in the course of the evening, the fine airs of "The rising of the Lark," "Of noble race was Shenkin," "Ar hyd y nos," "The rising sun," &c. &c. A portion of the children belonging to the Welsh Charity School (of whom there are 110 boys and 60 girls) sung an ode, written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, and adapted to a Welsh melody, which was encored. Mr. Parry, jun. sung "The Maid of Llangollen," which was encored; and Mr. Fitzwilliam was rapturously encored in the national song of "St. David's Day." The following stanza, written for the occasion by Mr. Parry, was loudly cheered,—

An *English* Prince his succour lends
To cherish the distress'd,
Surrounded by old *Cambria's* friends,
Obeying Heaven's behest.
And here where loyalty prevails,
O! let us fondly pray,
That we may hail a *PRINCE OF WALES*
On next *St. David's Day*!"

A requiem was sung to the memory of the late Sir W. W. Wynn, who had been president of the charity, and a munificent benefactor to its funds for about forty years. The company stood up during the performance, and the effect made a deep impression on all present, particularly among the ladies in the galleries, who dropped a tear to the memory of departed worth. Mr. Parry performed a fantasia on the symphonion, accompanied on the harp by his son, which was encored; when he introduced his own popular air of *Cader Idris*, better known

as "Jenny Jones," which was loudly applauded. We are happy to add that the subscriptions amounted to the very large sum of 1500*l.* and upwards, for the benefit of the Welsh Charity School, in Gray's Inn Road. This was the 126th anniversary of the Society.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The fifth meeting of this society took place at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Monday last. Miss Woodyatt, Miss Cole, Miss Dolby, and Messrs. Novello and Bennett were the solo singers. The programme consisted of the following classical compositions:—

PART I.

Mass in C.....	Beethoven.
Motett—Ne Pulvis	Mozart.
Graduale—Quod quod in orbe	Hummel.
Recit. and Air—Yet ever just.....	Haser.
Chorus—Praise the Almighty	Ditto.

PART II.

Madrigal—In Pride of May	Weeks; 1608.
Overture—(Euryanthe)	Weber.
Recit. and Air—Vicin mi sta	Ditto.
Coro—Alziam gli evviva, and Quartetto—Ogni Speranza &c.....	Weber.
Aria—Mentre ti lascio	Mozart.
Ode—The Power of Song (adapted to English words by Mr. F. W. Rosier)	A. Romberg.
Scena—Ah Perŕdo, and Aria—Per Pieta	Beethoven.
March and Chorus—The Ruins of Athens	Beethoven.

Beethoven's mass was very finely performed, with the exception of the bassoon part, which was, at times, very faulty, owing to the incorrectness of the copy: several bars' rest not being marked, and the tenor cleff not being contradicted by the bass, when the change took place. This is very inexcusable, especially in an English printed edition. Mozart's motett, "Ne Pulvis," went off admirably. We were much pleased with Miss Woodyatt's singing in Vogler's "Laudate." It has an obligato organ accompaniment, in a very florid style, which was nicely executed by Mr. G. Cooper. Hummel's graduale, "Quod in Orbe," electrified us—it went with such precision. The addition of the trumpet and trombones pleased us very much, and we are rather surprised that the composer should have omitted them. A recit. and song, with a chorus, from Haser's oratorio, "The Triumph of Faith," finished the first part; it could have been well dispensed with altogether. We were not at all satisfied with the composition; it appeared to us very common-place, perhaps this was owing to our having heard Mozart and Hummel just before. Weeks' fine madrigal, "In pride of May," opened the second part; its performance gave general satisfaction. Weber's overture to "Euryanthe" was finely performed, and was repeated. Mr. Bennett sang the fine *scena*—recit. "Paer veggio," and air, "Vicin mi sta," with great feeling; and after this came, "Alziam gli evviva," quartett and chorus, from the same opera. Miss Dolby took the solo part and sung it delightfully, but the compass of her voice not allowing her to reach the upper A—A sharp, and B, rather injured the effect by taking those notes an octave lower; but the chaste style of her singing drew forth the applause of the whole audience. Upon its repetition Miss Cole took the solo part, and sung up to the B natural in fine style. The company were united in applauding her, and we imagined it was going to be performed a third time. Miss Cole appeared to be labouring under indisposition, which was the cause of her requesting Miss Dolby to assist her by taking the solo part; but, by the persuasion of Mr. Bennett, she mustered courage and sung the upper part upon its being repeated. It is but justice to say the singing of both ladies was highly satisfactory. Mr. Novello sung Mozart's fine song, "Mentre ti lascio," with great simplicity and truth. The "Power of Song," by Romberg, is a fine composition, and sings well to the English words, adapted by Mr. Rosier. It was our first time of hearing it, and we think the whole band did their utmost to make it go well. The fine *scena*, "Ah Perŕdo," ought to have taken precedence of Romberg's Ode, so as to have kept all the Italian music together. Miss Dolby sung it with great feeling, and her chastity of style and purity of intonation, we think quite equal to Mrs. Shaw's. Beethoven's March and Chorus from "The Ruins of Athens," finished the evening's performance.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Anthem performance was repeated on Fri-

day evening. The soli parts were sung by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Lucombe, Masters Coward and Stevens, Messrs. Leffler, Young, and Hobbs. The chief feature in the programme was Purcell's "*O give thanks*," which was exceedingly well sung by Masters Coward and Stevens, Hobbs, Young and Leffler. The effect of the chorus, which was considerably increased, compared with the ordinary meetings of the society, was magnificent, it was, however to be regretted that such arrangements as that of the hundredth Psalm and St. Matthew's tune were not omitted, and some of Purcell's fine anthems performed in their stead. The programme was badly made out; it should have been entrusted to a person well acquainted with the compositions of Purcell and other writers of the cathedral school. The Hall was, as usual, crowded.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

BRISTOL MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—On Wednesday evening, the 28th ult., the Society held their last meeting for the season at the Royal Gloucester Hotel, Clifton, which will be regretted by all who had the pleasure of hearing the delightful harmony produced by the voices of no less than forty highly accomplished singers. About 400 visitors were present, and the great applause which the performances elicited throughout the evening sufficiently manifested the high estimation in which this description of vocal music is held by the British public. The following beautiful compositions were sung in the order in which we have placed them:

PART I.

The Lady Oriana	Wilbye; 1601.
When all alone	Converso; 1375.
Since first I saw your face	Ford; 1607.
Spring returns	Pearsall; 1839.
Have I found her!	Bateson; 1618.
Lose not your chance, fair ladies	Giovannelli.
No din of rolling drum	Striggio; 1560.
Sweet honey-sucking bees	Wilbye; 1609.
Norse melody	

PART II.

Queen of the World	Marenzio.
Flora gave me fairest flowers	Wilbye; 1598.
Now, O now, I needs must part	Dowland; 1597.
As Vesta was from Latmos Hill	Weelkes; 1601.
There is a lady sweet and kind	Ford; 1607.
Say Corydon	Wilbye; 1609.
Down in a flowery vale }	Festa; 1541.
Soon as I careless stray'd }	
The Waits	Saville; 1607.

We can venture to pronounce, on the concurrent authority evinced by many an ardent encore, that the music was well performed, and fully enjoyed. The "*Norse Melody*" is a beautiful air, and delightfully harmonised by Mr. Pearsall (a member of the Madrigal Society), it is deservedly a very great favourite, and was not only encored, but its repetition was again requested at the latter part of the evening. The Society has received an addition of several new members in the course of the winter, and now consists of a very numerous chorus. In proficiency, too, under the unwearied attention of its able musical director, Mr. Corfe, it can scarcely have failed to advance; and we think we do not rate its capabilities too highly, when we say that it has not its rival in the kingdom.

EDINBURGH.—*Mr. Musgrave's Oratorio.*—This concert, which consisted of selections from the Messiah, Haydn's Creation, Mozart's Requiem, &c. &c. took place in the Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening last. The room, though not crowded, was respectfully filled. There was only one *encore* in the course of the evening, and that was a chorus in the first part. The first part consisted entirely of selections from the Messiah. In both the overture and the pastoral symphony, and indeed throughout the whole performance, we noticed a marked improvement in the orchestra, evidently the effect of the practisings for *The Promenade* and *Musard Concerts*. The piece "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*" was splendidly sung by Miss Smith. In the second part, the Recitatives from Handel's *Jephtha*, of "*Deeper and deeper still*," was given with great effect by Mr. Shrivall; and Marcello's duet, "*Qual anelante*," was very sweetly sung by the Misses Smith. Mrs. Cooper sung "*The Marvellous works*" very pleasingly.

The Aria of "Angels ever bright and fair" was a perfect gem. The celebrated prayer from Rossini's *Mose in Egitto*, of "Dall' tuo Stellatto" was very well sung by the Misses Smith, Shrivall, and Ebsworth, and was, in our opinion, the second best piece of the evening.

DUBLIN.—The event of the week at Hawkins-street was the complete and unequivocal success of the English version of the "*Scaramuccia*," which was, with excellent taste, commanded by his Excellency Lord Ebrington on Tuesday night. Madame Balfe's performance was all that could be desired, arch, lively, and effective. Balfe was a bustling and active *Tomaso*, and Mr. Franks, the new tenor, sang some of the music tastefully and pleasingly. His Excellency, who did not arrive at the theatre until eight o'clock, was received on his *entree* with loud cheers, and both then, and previous to his departure, the national anthem was sung by the strength of the company.

SALISBURY.—The third concert of the Salisbury Philharmonic Society took place at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening last. The audience was more numerous even than on the last occasion, there being more than 360 persons present: and we hail with renewed satisfaction the undoubted success which has crowned the exertions of the Society to establish what may, with strict justice, be termed an academy of music in this city. The pieces performed by the band were "Mozart's Symphony, No. 1," and the overtures to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Egmont*, and *The Jubilee*. The Symphony was most chastely and accurately executed, and the delicious slow movement afforded us an opportunity of estimating the great improvement of the orchestra. The light and sparkling overture by Rossini received the applause its performance so justly deserved—and Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* admirably displayed the power and skill of the orchestra. The Jubilee Overture, by Weber, introducing the national anthem, was most appropriately introduced, in honour of her Majesty's marriage, and, whether owing to the loyalty of the performers, or to display the skill with which they could surmount the difficulties of the composition, this overture surpassed the others in spirit and instrumental effect. A solo of De Beriot's was played by Mr. W. Cramer, and he again gave us proof of his great abilities. Distinctness and resonance of tone combined with great power and execution, were the characteristics of the performance, and the genius of the celebrated composer appeared to be fully appreciated by the talented performer. Correlli's celebrated 9th Sonata was performed as a duet, on the violoncello and double bass, by Mr. W. L. Phillips and Mr. Conduit, with a loud burst of applause in a hearty encore. In the vocal department, the society evinced their taste and judgment in the engagement of Miss Cubitt, who sang "Return, O God," "With Verdure clad," a German song, "The Secret in my Heart," and a ballad by Huber. The vocal powers of this young lady are of a very high order; and her selection of songs was such as to afford full scope for the display of her voice. Handel's exquisite song from *Samson* was most chastely executed. The German song earned a deafening encore, and the singing of Mr. Cramer's violin in the obligato accompaniments heightened the effect of this most peculiar and interesting composition. The ballad by Huber, "The Ranz des Vaches of the Alps in Spring," in which Miss Cubitt accompanied herself on the pianoforte, was repeated, to the delight of the audience. We cannot conclude without noticing in terms of deserved approbation the delightful manner in which the glee, "The lonely Vale of Streams," and the trio, "The Curfew," were sung by Masters J. Richardson and Thynne, and Messrs. Harding and Ingram. The whole was conducted by Mr. W. C. Corfe with his customary ability. This gentleman's various pianoforte accompaniments displayed the taste and science of the master-hand, that has mainly contributed to the great and deserved measure of success to which the concerts of the Society have attained.

LIVERPOOL.—The concert which took place at the Theatre Royal on Tuesday the 25th ult., was in aid of the fund now accumulating to raise a sum of 2,000*l.* for the Dispensaries, Infirmary, and Northern Hospital in this town, to be added to 1,000*l.*, which will, in case that sum accrues, be given by the Town-council. The profits arising from this concert we fear will prove but small, unless, indeed, more tickets were purchased than were represented in the theatre. The boxes were but thin, the pit almost empty, and the upper boxes contained very few. The selections were of a light and agreeable cast, and a slight addition was made to the scheme, through the kindness of Signor Giulio Regondi, who offered his services gratis to perform a duet in conjunction with Mr. Lidel. The opening piece was Beethoven's fine overture to *Fidelio*, at the commencement of which Mr. Lidel distinguished himself greatly by his admirable performance on the violoncello. Mr. Hermann, the talented leader, has succeeded in getting his band into an excellent state of discipline. They executed this beautiful composition with great precision and effect. Once, indeed, some furious violinist got slightly out of time, but he was quickly brought into order, and the piece was finished exquisitely. The opening glee, "Sleep, gentle lady," was sung very pleasingly by Miss Hawes, Mr. Dodd, Mr.

Stretton, and a gentleman whose name is left blank. Calcott's scena, "All worldly shapes," &c. was given by Mr. Stretton, in a style that called forth deserved applause. Miss Hawes sang a very delightful ballad of her own composition, entitled "I'll speak to thee—I'll love thee too," accompanying herself on the pianoforte. The fine voice of this lady was in excellent order, and she acquitted herself throughout the evening admirably. No performance throughout the evening gave greater satisfaction than Miss Christiana Weller's fantasia on the pianoforte. She commenced by delighting the auditory by her neat and skilful execution, and concluded by astonishing them by her rapidity and precision. Miss Whitnall sang Donizetti's aria, "Ecco il pegno ch'io le porai!" with cold correctness. The fault of this performance was its want of expression. We have but space to say, that several very sweet English ballads were well given, in the second part, by Miss Hawes, Miss Whitnall, and Mr. Dodd; that the duet above alluded to was finely executed by Signor Giulio Regondi and Mr. Lidel, and that an old favourite, "Vadasi via di qua," was sung with proper liveliness and humour by Miss Hawes, Mr. Stretton, and Mr. Dodd.

WORCESTER.—*Worcester Harmonic Society's First Concert.*—We have to offer to the lovers of music in this city and the neighbourhood, our warmest congratulations on the debut of the above new society, which took place on Tuesday last, at the well-filled room of the Natural History Society. The selection presented the following right excellent subject matter of performance:—

PART I.

Overture	
Solo and Chorus—"Rest of thy Sons"	} Palestine. Crotch.
Recit.—Is this thy place	
Solo—Ye Guardian saints	
Chorus—Oh Happy once	} Creation. Haydn.
Solo and Chorus—"The Marvellous Work"	
Chorus—Kyrie Eleeson, and Gloria in Excelsis, 12th Mass	
Anthem—I was glad	Mozart.
	Attwood.

PART II.

Overture	Jomelli.
Motett—Splendente te Deus	Mozart.
Quartet and Chorus—Lord of Heaven	Haydn.
Chorus and Trio—The Heavens are telling	} Creation. Haydn.
Recit.—He that dwelleth	
Solo—Thou shalt break them	} Messiah. Handel.
Grand Chorus—Hallelujah	

The Society, not possessing the original score of the overture to *Palestine*, an arrangement had been provided for the band by Mr. Rogers, the Director, and it went admirably in the performance. The first movement, in its style, brings to mind the magnificent effects of Haydn's *Chaos*, and yet is heard with scarcely an inferior sense of admiration. The clever fugue of the second movement was extremely well led by Mr. James D'Egville, with the second violins, the tone being finely sustained, and the most exact execution done to the subject. In the whole overture the playing was generally good, but would have been better with some of the wind instruments more subdued occasionally, and more care devoted to the intonation. The opening chorus struck the audience powerfully by the steadiness with which it was sung, all its beautiful distinctions of light and shade being maintained. Mr. Sefton did himself much credit in "Ye Guardian Saints." In the recitative he should endeavour to retain a little more of the speaking expression, combined with the sustained tone necessary to its effect. "O happy once," again brought forth the praiseworthy powers of the choral body. The air leading to the chorus from the *Creation* was given by two voices, probably to strengthen confidence as well as tone; and as the organs were much of the same quality, they went well together. Miss Richards might, however, we think, safely have ventured alone. The choruses from Mozart were amongst the best things done in the performance, the "Gloria in excelsis" being sung through with admirable precision and effect. The audience, no doubt, recognised parts of these works as being the same as the anthem "Plead thou my cause," now frequently heard and enjoyed in the cathedral service. It is much more effective with the orchestral accompaniments than with that of the organ, the powers of the latter instrument not being appropriate to the spirit in which they are written. After this Mr. Attwood's "Anthem" came with no discredit to the English school. The symphony, which ingeniously embraces the subject of "God save the Queen," on the wind instruments, while the stringed ones are engaged on another totally different, was well given, with the exception that in the concluding part the *ensemble* of the tune was not so well preserved. The well-known and admired overture and chaconne of Jomelli was played by the band very creditably; the chaconne is a beautiful *larghetto*, the subject of which has been adapted to the responses of our communion service. The "Motett" of Mozart was well sung, but injured in its effect in the *sol* parts by the accompaniments being given too loud. Haydn's "National

Hymn" was not executed up to the mark of the rest of the performance; more of rehearsal, and a closer acquaintance with the subject seemed to be wanting. The finest chorus, of the same master, "The Heavens are telling," was done far better. It was sung with striking precision, the whole mass of harmony appearing to emanate from one common impulse. The trio was particularly well given. Mr. Rickhuss, in his solo, which is a difficult composition, sang the music correctly; but there are other rudimental matters in which he is so deficient—namely, in his pronunciation of the language, that, until he corrects it, he will never do justice to his vocal talents. The great "Hallelujah!" chorus as the fitting conclusion of such a performance, was encored. Mr. D'Egville, the veteran leader, was at his old post in his usual strength. Mr. Done, at the pianoforte, did his duty right well through the whole performance. The direction of Mr. Rogers had, as the offices of direction always must have, a material influence on the success with which the performance went off. His calm and unflinching attention to every point, must have ensured the confidence of the whole vocal and instrumental force.

GRAVESEND.—*Concert at the Town Hall.*—On the occasion of the Amateur's Concert at Penny's Library, some two years since we predicted that, if the native musical talent of the town were cultivated, the amateurs of Gravesend would speedily rank with those of any other town in the country. How our anticipation has been fulfilled can be best answered by the crowded and fashionable audience that filled the Town Hall on Wednesday evening the 17th instant, at the concert given by the Gravesend amateurs. The members had secured the services of several solo performers of known celebrity, among whom were Mr. B. Chatterton, the celebrated harpist, from the Royal Academy of Music, and Messrs. Harper and Keating, from the concerts *à-la-Musard* at the English Opera-house. The orchestra was filled by thirty instrumental performers. The overture to *La Dame Blanche* was executed in a most brilliant and masterly style; yet question much if it were ever better performed in the country. Mr. B. Chatterton played a Russian fantasia of his own composition, and also a fantasia introducing with variations, "The last rose of summer," "My lodging is on the cold ground," and "St. Patrick's day in the morning." His performance was remarkable, not only for its command over the execution of a most difficult instrument, but especially for its intelligence, spirit, and expression, qualities rarely met with in combination. Mr. Chatterton performed on one of Erard's new patent instruments, with metallic plates, possessing a power of tone, truly great. Mr. J. Tully's solo on the bassoon was exceedingly well played, and exhibited a proof of great study and perseverance. There was a delicacy and expressiveness in the solo on the oboe, by Mr. Keating, that seemed to strike the audience with admiration and delight. We greatly admired Mr. C. Tully's fantasia on the French horn. His performance that followed "The Tyrolean Minstrels," and the duet on the guitar and horn introduced some buffoonery that would have been better omitted. Mr. Harper performed on the Cornet à pistons, and was unanimously encored. There were some glees well sung by Misses Fanton, Croggon, and Bennet. Beethoven's overture to the *Men of Prometheus*, closed the performance, and was executed much to the delight of the company and with great credit to the amateurs. In taking our leave, we recommend the members of the musical society to be encouraged by the complete success of their undertaking to follow up the course they have commenced with so much credit to themselves, and gratification to the vicinity. In the very establishment and progress of this society, abundant proof is given of the vast quantity of musical talent existing in Gravesend.

BATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Wood are performing at the Theatre, but the houses are but moderately filled.

MANCHESTER.—On Saturday week, Miss Romer took a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The first piece performed was the favourite opera of *La Sonnambula*. Miss Romer took the part of *Amina*, which she played with her usual skill and ability. Mr. Templeton and Mr. G. Stansbury sustained their respective parts in a very creditable manner: their joint efforts had the desired effect of filling the house to overflow. Miss Romer was deservedly encored in her singing, and the same compliment was paid to Messrs. Templeton and Stansbury. Although an encore is desirable at times, yet it would be more beneficial, and much more to the advantage of a singer, if the applause bestowed was sometimes a little less boisterous. We cannot think the dragging an actress on to the stage fifteen times in the course of five nights to sing a favourite song (as the case of Miss Romer in the above piece), can in any way have the effect of encouraging the performer, but must rather prove a source of annoyance and fatigue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GRAND AUSTRIAN MUSICAL SOCIETY OF VIENNA has received a valuable legacy from the late Cardinal Archduke Rudolph, who was one of its members, and for three years its president. It consists of a complete collection of compositions of Beethoven, transcribed on vellum, and ornamented on each page with the most beautiful illuminations by the first artists of Vienna, forming sixty-two large volumes, bound in morocco richly gilt. The Archduke had the copy got up for his own library, at the expense of upwards of 22,000*l.*, the writing alone having cost 35,000*l.* Independently of all these properties, it has the intrinsic worth of having had every piece, before it was copied, revised and corrected by the hand of Beethoven himself, so that each has, in fact, the finishing touch of the illustrious composer.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, has in the kindest manner consented to preside at the 102nd anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians, in April. It will be recollected that his Royal Highness conferred the same honour on the institution last year, as one of the directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music, under whose auspices the festivals of this society have been held for half a century.

MR. VINCENT NOVELLO is about to become the organist of the Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, and the whole of the musical service will be under his direction; Miss Clara Novello will be the leading soprano, and Mr. Alfred Novello the principal bass.

AUBER has just completed an opera in three acts, in which Madame Cinti Damoreau will take the principal character.

QUEEN'S CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify her intention of honouring the Ancient Concerts with her presence in the course of the approaching season; the subscriptions to which are already more numerous than they have been, at so early a period, for many years.

THALBERG, before he quitted London, placed in the hands of Messrs. Addison and Beale ten guineas, as a donation (being the second) to the Royal Society of Musicians, and five guineas to be presented to the Female Society of Musicians.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.—In proceeding from Perth to Methven, the sentimental traveller may gratify his feelings by a visit to the grave of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, these two beautiful young women, whose romantic fate has furnished the subject of an interesting and popular song. It is situated near the bridge of Dalrie. The father of Bessy Bell was the Laird of Kinraddie, and Mary Gray was the daughter of the neighbouring Laird of Lednoch. They loved each other with the most romantic attachment. During the plague in 1645, in order to avoid the risk of contagion, they erected for themselves a bower, about three quarters of a mile west of Lednoch House, in a secluded spot, called Burn-braes, on the side of Brancheburn, where they resided for some time, till at last they both caught the infection from a young gentleman, who, with a liberality of love somewhat uncommon, was enamoured of them both. In this sylvan establishment they both died, and were buried in another part of Mr. Gray's grounds, called the Dronaugh Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, near the river Almond. Major Berry, late proprietor of Lednoch, repaired with pious care the spot consecrated sacred to the memory of the amiable friends.—*Glasgow Courier*.

A CHARIVARI TO THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR.—On Saturday night last considerable confusion was caused in Manchester-square, by the assembling together of a number of Frenchmen, who came provided with horns and other instruments, with which they commenced making a most horrid noise at the gates of the newly-arrived ambassador [Monsieur Guizot. Information was immediately given at the Marylebone station-house, when a strong party of the police proceeded to the spot, and without ceremony cleared away the entire band, whose object was evidently to annoy his Excellency.

CHRIST CHURCH, CHELSEA.—A new and beautiful organ, built by Gray, for the above church, was opened on Sunday last, when Mr. Forbes presided at the instrument with much ability. It has two rows of keys and fourteen stops, and possesses a much greater power than we had expected from so small an instrument.

THE KEMBLE TESTIMONIAL.—The testimonial to Mr. Charles Kemble has just been completed by Messrs. Mortimer and Hunt, under the superintendence of Sir Francis Chantrey, who furnished the principal portion of the design; it is a massive cup, thirty-eight inches high, weighing 700 ounces, and of the value of £450; it is of Grecian form, the body occupied with a representation of Shakspeare's *Seven Ages* in bas relief, composed of frosted silver, and standing on a square pedestal of the same metal, polished, the contrast producing an admirable effect; on each side is an elegant handle, formed of two entwined serpents, their heads curved downwards towards the foot, masks of *Comedy* and *Tragedy* ornamenting that part of the rim to which they are attached. On the top of the cover is a figure of the actor in *Hamlet*. The scroll on which the names of the subscribers are printed in gold is attached to a roller enclosed in the baton, once used by Frederick the Great, and around which were originally placed the plans of that monarch's battles. It is a handsome gilt cylinder, covered with arabesque open silver work. The Lord Chamberlain has appointed Mr. John Mitchell Kemble (son of the above) examiner of all plays, tragedies, comedies, farces, operas, interludes, or any other stage entertainments in the room of Charles Kemble, Esq. resigned.

A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.—Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humourist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the *Messiah*. His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton-bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, "Lift up your head," when he arrived at Brooksby-gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmaston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave-gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, "John, you have pitched too low—follow me." Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it; and, in his paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the sides of the pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, "Here they come; here come the red-coats; they know their Christian duties: there's not a man among them that is not good for a guinea." The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the *Messiah* with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear you sing." "Then," said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain."—*Gardiner's Music and Friends.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE has at length opened its doors, and the weak emanations of Donizetti have again taken possession of its stage—the much-talked-of opera *Torquato Tasso*, having been selected for the occasion.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.—The admirable concerts of this Society are fixed for the following Monday evenings:—March, 30; April, 20; May, 4, 18; June, 1, 15; and will take place, as usual, at the Concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.	
Bates, F. W.—Esulte per la Barbara, as a duet	T. E. Purday.
Metz, J.—Rondeletta 'sur un Motif de l'opéra 'Elixir d'Amore'	Ditto.
Glover, C.W.—Variations on Vertar potra le lagrime, in the opera of 'Torquato Tasso'	Ditto.
The Powerscourt Quadrilles	T. Prowse.
Weber.—Valse originale extraite de l'album de M. Panofka	Boosey.
Landesmann, A.—Saxe-Gotha Waltzes	Chappell.
Huntten, F.—Brilliant Fantasia on a Russian Air, op. 108	Ditto.
—Fantasia on Airs by Bellini, op. 107	Ditto.
Pollini.—Rondino on 'Sogno talor'	Mills.
—'Ah! ta sai'	Ditto.
—'Tie e tie e toc'	Ditto.
Rosellini.—Recreations Italiennes, op. 19; Nos. 1 and 2	Ditto.
—Fantasia on Airs in 'La Voliere' op. 20	Ditto.
Auber.—No. 17 of Overtures—'Massanello,' by Diabelli, as duet	Wessel & Co.
VIOLONCELLO AND PIANOFORTE.	
Godbe and Lemoine.—Les Buettes: No. 1—Vivi tu; No. 2—Swiss Air; No. 3—My own loved Devon	Wessel & Co.
Merek.—Ricordanza du Sontag: Rode's celebrated Air	Ditto.
FLUTE AND PIANOFORTE.	
Clinton.—Delizie del Italia, No. 7	Wessel & Co.

PIANOFORTE AND HARP.	
M'Korkell.—Overture to 'Zampa'	Wessel & Co.
—'Weber's 'Jubilee'	Ditto.
VOCAL.	
Donizetti.—Io d'Amore; duetto	Mills.
Schubert.—Fino à te	Ditto.
Spohr.—Restore those visions bright; No. 8 of Classical German Songs	Chappell.
Lee, A.—Bold Buccaneer	Ditto.
Macfarren, G. A.—Ah, why do we love?	Ditto.
Panofka.—La Barka e Fronta; barcarola	Boosey.
Troubadour du jour. Collection of Italian, French, and Spanish Songs, with Guitar and Pffe. Accepts: No. 37—Venise est encore au Bal-Neidermeyer; No. 38—Il Prato-Masini; No. 39—Mon rocher à St. Malo; No. 40—La Ingrata Chanson Nationale Espagnol	Ditto.
St. Leger, J. J.—Twas here the summer breeze waved by	T. E. Purday.
Knight, J. P.—My happy village home	Ditto.
W. Aspull.—Art thou not dear? Z. T. Purday.	Ditto.
—Dearest friend, remember me	Ditto.
—Old times	Ditto.
—The winter's lone beautiful rose	Ditto.
E. J. Neilson.—Leave us not	Ditto.
—I mourn not the forest	Ditto.
B. Taylor.—Sweet dream of other days	T. Prowse.
Kirby.—Weep not for me	Ditto.
Loder.—The Ivy-leaf	Ditto.
—The Gipsy Child	Ditto.
J. Chumbley.—The Matador's Return	Ditto.

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